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Northwestern Classical Academy

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Kate Mrs. Schaap - Schulte

Volume II.

June, 1893.

Number 9.

"INDUAMUS ARMA LUCIS."

THE CLASSIC.

PUBLISHED AT ORANGE CITY, IOWA.

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HERALD PRINT, ORANGE CITY.

The Northwestern Classical Academy.

THIS is an Institution of Learning, designed to prepare boys and girls for college, or, if it be preferred, to fit them directly for various stations in life by laying the basis of a sound, liberal education.

THE ACADEMY is a Christian Institution, and as such recognizes the important fact that true education effects the heart and the character as well as the mind. To combine moral with mental training is, therefore, considered its reason for existence and its mission. To that end the study of the English Bible is included in the course. It offers a thorough classic course and a comprehensive English course, and aids to lay a good foundation for a business course.

The corps of teachers numbers five:

JAMES F. ZWEMER, A. M.
JOHN M. VAN DER MEULEN, A. B.
E. CHRISTIAN OGGELE, B. S.
MISS. FANNIE A. STEFFENS, A. B.
H. P. OGGELE, M. D.

The present enrollment is 72.

STUDIES.

To the full curriculum of previous years the study of the German language and literatures has been added.

Adequate provision will be made this year to afford by thorough normal instruction, a competent training for those who expect to teach in our public schools. The studies have been arranged very carefully and after much deliberation. They are designed for mental discipline and development; for preparation for college, or for occupations where scholarship is in demand.

LIBRARY AND APPARATUS.

Its Library consists of about 1000 volumes, among which a complete set of the American Encyclopædia and other books of reference will be found especially helpful to students. Friends in the city and vicinity have enabled us to buy a Holtz Electric Machine, Leyden Jar, Induction Coil, Plunge Bath, etc., thus beginning to supply the need of apparatus.

EXPENSES.

The expenses are moderate, tuition is free. The cost of board and room can be best regulated by the students themselves, or by their parents. The item of expense will be found a moderate one in Orange City.

For the sake of meeting incidental expenses a fee of ten dollars will be required from each student for the school year. Half of this is payable in September and the other half at the beginning of the second term.

The entire expense ranges between \$100 and \$150 per annum. Boarding houses, and students clubbing arrangements are to be approved by the principal.

A board of education has recently been established. Out of the funds of the board, deserving students who need it receive support during the school year.

LOCATION.

The Academy is located at Orange City, the county seat, a station on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, near the junction of said road with the St. Paul & Omaha railroad at Alton, four miles eastward, and with the Sioux City & Northern at Maurice, eight miles westward. On account of the extent of the Northwestern railway system, Orange City is easily accessible from all directions. Owing to its location in the Northwestern section of Iowa, it can readily be reached from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Minnesota.

For Catalogue and particulars as to courses of study and text books, address the Principal.

REV. JAMES F. ZWEMER, Orange City, Iowa.

The Classic.

Volume II.

June.

Number 9.

THE CLASSIC.

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the Students of the N. W. C. A.

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Orange City, Iowa.

Editorial Staff.

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J. Hospers, '95, Exchange.

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Editorial Department.

ONE of the most beautiful traits of human nature is its constant desire for companionship and sympathy. It is the great redeeming feature of our character, continually drawing together again where selfish interests lead astray. Persons with the same ideas in common naturally seek each other's society, to indulge in the sweet communion of thought which some

philosophers have regarded as constituting the only real happiness of man. This mutual attraction of congenial spirits, by forming the basis of true, disinterested friendship, is certainly greatly contributive to our enjoyment of life. Especially is this true of students. Gathered from all parts of the land for the same object, it is at school where kindred souls meet and the enduring ties of friendship and brotherhood are knit.

We cannot, therefore, restrain a feeling of regret as we bid farewell to the class about to leave the threshold of our Academy. After having been associated so long and shared together the joys and woes of school life, they will leave us to seek their future elsewhere and amid different surroundings. Their beautiful motto, "Rowing not drifting," so suggestive of all the essentials for a student's success, has proven its value as a maxim. Their course with us is ended; silent, faithful work has gained them the victor's laurels, to which we would add but one Forget-me-not. Remember us wherever your future course may be, remember our institution, and bear in mind that THE CLASSIC, which you have so ably conducted, still claims your allegiance, even after your lot has been changed from awe-inspiring seniors to that of procrastinating alumni.

We grieve to say that this parting includes also Prof. Van der Meulen. His thorough, and in all respects excellent, work has rendered him invaluable to the

Academy and will always be a cause of gratitude on our part, while his stay among us has endeared him to all. It is much to be doubted whether his loss can be fully replaced. The best wishes of all the students accompany him as well as the graduates, and that fortune may ever smile upon them under whatever circumstances their lot may be cast, is our earnest hope.

Salutatory.

BY MISS MARGERET HUIZENGA.

ONE step nearer—nearer what you ask? Nearer the palace beautiful, says the Christian, nearer the bound of life, says the world-weary pilgrim, nearer the end of my sportive life and nearer the beginning of an earnest life, says the frolicsome youth; and we, mingling our voices with these, would add, one step nearer the goal of our ambition. Our lives are not purposeless, we all have some goal. Our aims are not one but we all have a goal. Each one of us is going to build an immense structure, the foundation of which we have laid here. Nor do we wish to stop now, but our aim is to build higher and higher, for,

"We hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

And so we will continue to toil on until we have made our lives' structures of true knowledge and character as high as possible.

Dear classmates: To greet one another is nothing unusual, but let the greeting be full of unusual joyful expression to night. Let us congratulate each other on the foundations which we have laid, and as we now are standing ready to build, let us not begin until we have first taken a rest and enjoyed each other's presence once more. It is not necessary to call to mind now the past course of study with its queer medley of recollections, whether sad or joyous, nor is it necessary to stand

and wonder at the grand possibilities which future years may bring, for, "Our today's and yesterday's are the blocks with which we build." But, as we are lead on in life, let us often recall these years of instruction; how well we have learned that if we shirked our duty we were not following out the plans prepared for us by our great Architect, or, if we let just one lesson slip by unlearned, the following ones would be much more difficult, and that one unlearned lesson might prove a missing block in our building. We have also learned that when we were hopeful and joyous we accomplished the most. And so in the future, altho we may sometimes have reason to feel despondent, let us remember that "God will read our tangled lives aright, whether we weep or sing," and toil hopefully on until our building stands complete, and we can pass from its topmost dome right into the beautiful palace.

"Out of the strain of the doing,
Into the peace of the done,
Out of the thirst of pursuing,
Into the victory won."

Respected teachers: We have a most hearty welcome for you. We feel assured that you will pardon us if we fail to express our gratitude as we would like; for you know that it is impossible for us to appreciate fully as yet what you have done for us, nor can we realize to a full extent how burdensome a task it was for you to show us how to make our foundation strong and firm, since so much depends upon the foundation. May you never regret the toil and labor spent to help and encourage us. And as we go on learning lessons from experience, we will understand better the numerous benefits we have received from your instruction and it will cause us to look back with sad regret if ever we have been unfaithful pupils.

Edward Everett Hale learned when his school life was a thing of the long ago, that contrary to his own and the opinion

CLASS PROPHECY.

The Mystery of Human Destiny.

WILL H. GLEYSTEN.

NOTHING happens by chance nor can we create circumstances. A future has been prepared for us and we can not avert it. Shakespeare sings: "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

The statement that all things have not been designed for some definite reason is frequently made and I beg leave to dissent most emphatically from such a false assertion. Since human thought is advancing we should investigate and find out what relationship exists among all things. This world was not recklessly flung into the universe without a grand purpose, nor has anything else been created for the mere sake of existing, and it is indeed inspiring to know that all things have a destiny to reach and have, in accordance with these destinies, helped to bring about the status of today, and that some who consider their influence very insignificant may have done inestimable good in ways whereof they know not.

Society consists of various elements of which companionship is the chief. We know that society is essential to civilization, but why should there be such a continual shifting? Some one has said: "We meet one another, salute one another, pass on and are gone." Why should a band of youth meet, organize into a class, form ties of friendship which naught but death can sever, and then part and probably relinquish many of the delightful associations which they have had, for how often do we not see students, who have been very intimate at the same college, part and coming in contact with others, forget their former friends and classmates. When we think of these partings an avalanche of grief seems to roll over us, for no thought is more sad. By the analogy which we see everywhere in

of other mischievous boys, who thought the teacher delighted to detain them in school as long as possible, the teacher after all was the happiest boy when school closed. For your sake also we are glad that we have reached this stepping-stone.

We greet you, citizens of this college town, and compliment you upon this institution of learning. Yours is a privilege coveted by many fathers and mothers who send their unexperienced boy or girl away from the sweet influence of home at perhaps the most critical time of their lives. We ask you to make use of this opportunity and not be indifferent to the welfare of this institution. There are some among you whom we never have greeted before or may have met but seldom, faces of some sunshiny and bright, of others stern and careworn, the expressions of which will be as the lights and shadows on the pictures of memory, wherewith we shall adorn our walls. If any here are smiling at our invisible building and call it an air castle, let us in turn smile at a visible building on yonder campus, which is as yet a big air castle.

We hope it may soon greet our expectant eyes so that we may receive the next class salutations in the new building. But nevertheless tonight we can bid you friends, teachers and classmates as joyous a welcome in this quaint and spacious hall as anywhere else. A welcome is always full of hope and expectancy. After the farewells are spoken a thought of meeting again immediately arises. No matter whether return would be impossible, we cannot but entertain some hope of meeting again as long as life remains.

"Though the circling flight of time may find us,
Far apart and sundered more and more,
Yet the farewells always lie behind us,
And the welcomes always lie before."

Meanwhile God is leading, surely, slowly,
Through the shadows with a hand of love,
To the home where 'mid the myriads holy,
Only welcomes wait us all above."

nature, everything has its reason and now this is surely not destitute of meaning.

The class of '93 was thrown into a large caldron and the same changes have taken place as when the pharmacist makes the different compounds. When all the members were in the caldron the lid was placed on by the Professors and we were left at their mercy. No sooner had we been enclosed than a terrible roaring ensued and it seemed as though Neptune had stirred up the contents with his trident. What was to become of this mixture and what influence it was to have on our individual characters was not known to any of us, but that a war was waged within was manifest. Cleverness versus stupidity, polish versus uncouthness, and right versus wrong were contestants, and you can understand that by the time this roaring ceased all had some common characteristic, and that the contact of the ambitious with the idle, the noble with the impure has indeed given us all something of each others character in exchange for something of our own.

We strain our imaginations to understand what this mingling has done for us as a class; it is evident that it has made our minds receptacles for knowledge and herewith do we intend to perpetuate not our lower but our higher traits, not our worse but our better capabilities, to promote our intellectual welfare and to form a noble character. Altho our career has had its days of cloudy gloom as well as days of sunshine, we have reached one goal and now do we raise our banner and with united voices shout "Rowing, not drifting."

So much has our common experience done for us as a class, but more specifically we have often wondered over the mystery of our individual destinies and at the part that each one of us has been destined to play and has played in every other one's future but what skill and ability has never been able to unravel could not be unraveled now.

While pondering one night over these inscrutable mysteries, the long forgotten voice of heathen mythology seemed to reach my ears directing my attention to the fascinating story of Cassandra, the beautiful daughter of Priam and Hecuba, as by tarrying in the temples of the gods her mind was rendered so acute that she could read the future, altho for a slight offence Apollo caused all people to believe her insane, so because during the past years our studies have led us to tarry at the shrine of these gods, in my meditations, that voice from the mythological past seemed to promise a reward for our faithfulness at these shrines that, if we but endeavored to push aside the curtain that hides the future from the present, our hearing would be rendered so acute and our sight so keen that we should be able to discern the destination of all the members of the class of '93. We only hope that no involuntary offence on our part may have led you to consider the class prophet as insane and his prophecy as the raving of a lunatic.

Burning with a desire to see the future career of my classmates and with the promise of such unwonted aid, I did then push aside the curtain and behold, while standing amazed, I saw all those who had constituted our class. I was bewildered and my eyes could not gaze steadily upon them because of the splendor of their future, but finally, when my eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the brilliancy that enveloped them all, I distinguished Miss Noordhoff. She, because of her integrity, had attained a position as head of the cashier department of a large dry goods house in Chicago. She realized her position and was far more willing to be with the gold and silver than to strain her eyes and vex her brain over some complicated Latin sentence.

I stroll through the city of Chicago and in the evening I enter a grand opera hall and see Van den Burg, the renowned comedian, with a puffed face and sarcastic

look gazing at the huge heap, dotted with faces and spotted with white shirt bosoms. The orchestra begins to play but no one hears the music for the audience is already uncontrollable with delight. He brings the house down with laughter. Between acts the little boys in their enthusiasm catch each other by the throat and continue yelling for the curtain to rise. Such humor was never heard before and Van den Burg proved that he, always looking at things in the best way, was able to do more for humanity with his Epicurism than many with their foolish Stoicism. And now I pass on to Washington and behold Watermeulder in the legislative halls, who is senator from South Dakota. He is in the peroration of his speech and his coat-tail is flying about as if endeavoring madly to applaud the eloquent man who is wearing it. And he is gesticulating so gracefully that all the audience thinks he is an able man and wonderful prodigy. This senator is wise and the natural result is a steadfast holding to principle and splendor of national greatness. The more the people of South Dakota learn his ways and character the more they realize that an inconceivably magnificent and wonderful future awaits them. Next I go to Worcester, Mass., and behold Mulenburg, walking through the tessalated halls of Clark University. He has been elevated to the glorious position of Professor in mathematics. No wonder, for how often do we not see persons continue in such work as is most agreeable to them. But he is aware of the fact that all people are by no means mathematicians and when he sees some poor geometer biting his fingernails and scratching his head, he can fully sympathize with him. Mulenburg is an old bachelor, not because he has been disappointed in love, but fearing that he may select a woman similar to the queen of James I of England, who could spend as much money as the nation could raise, remains single.

However he has a lady friend and urges me to go with him to Garfield avenue, and there before a costly mansion I see a lady sitting in the shade of a large oak. I immediately recognize her as Miss Jongewaard, however she is Miss Jongewaard no more but the wife of a wealthy banker. In a moment I see half a dozen children run about and she says to me as did Cornelia to a wealthy friend, "These are my jewels." But she is afraid that she cannot teach them in the right way and says: "I have a tongue and am no corpse," but "I can't do it." I knew that expression too well from reminiscences of her in the good old Academy days of yore and could not refrain from smiling. Such a mother, the strength of a nation, who would have expected it. I had sent a notice to Miss Hospers and she meets me at the depot with a carriage and I am informed that she is superintendent of all the lady seminaries in New York. Yes she had displayed her intellect as boundless and fathomless as eternity, in former days and is now bringing about a wonderful reform with her philanthropic spirit.

I now embark on a vessel for Europe and arrive at Goes, Provincie Zeeland, Netherlands, and upon entering a church am astonished to see Kots, the Dutch "dominie." He goes right on to victory, altho opposed by prejudice or interfered with in some vested right, and ever striking a blow at some old established wrong. I wink at him, and altho he perceives that I am his former friend and classmate, his staid old ministerial face does not change its expression, and he goes right on sawing the air, and thundering away until he reaches the end of his fortieth or fiftieth point, and with a warning against levity that seems to be directed against my unfortunate wink, he closes a sermon against which Smitegeld or Brakel could not have competed in their palmiest days.

Knowing that Germany has a great number of fine musicians, I go there and

see a magnificent building, towering above all others. It is a conservatory of music and in it I see Miss Rhynsburger as chief instructor in instrumental music. I hear the chords she strikes so sublime and inspiring, and I hear the melody of her sweet voice ringing through the halls, and I am filled with ennobling sentiments. I weep, for I am reminded of those glorious days in the Academy, long past, when she, just entering upon her career as a musician, did already give us premonitions that she had an unusually excellent talent for music.

As I travel on to Asia and my eye follows the Yellow river, I see a neat little cottage, decorated in oriental style. I could not imagine what heathen could have such a house, but I soon found out that it was the home of Miss Huizenga. Her countenance appeared to me as if she were contemplating a future, in which there might be many amazing facilities for missionary enterprise. Yes, all heathendom can rejoice in such a woman, whose grand, infallible and unmistakable Christian principles will cause the heathen to dispense with barbarism.

Having crossed the Pacific, I arrive at San Francisco, and behold a vast concourse of people standing around a beautiful park, anxiously waiting. As I approach the crowd I meet Miss Vos, and conversing with her, perceive that she is very restless, her countenance is lit up, and with flushed cheeks and glowing eyes she tells me how she has basked in the smiles of the man in the moon; for she used to court him even in Academy days. The love for him burns within her still and she can no longer conceal it. Contemplating marriage, she has devised a very skillful way of transportation to that lunar orb, and brings me to a place where I behold a huge sky-rocket and a neat little basket fastened to it. She enters and with tears in her eyes bids a last farewell to all, and having ordered some one to light the sky-rocket, flies off into

space. I hear the whiz-z-z-zt, and finally she is out of sight. Whether or not she married, I cannot say, but when I saw the moon the next evening, I imagined that Miss Vos had reached her happy destination which she had so long anticipated, for the man in the moon seemed to be very tickled with his little wife, and could not suppress a grin.

By this time I was so bewildered at the glorious career of my classmates, that I commenced reasoning with myself and could now clearly understand why the class of '93 was destined to consist of such members as it did. I decidedly saw the predominating element which made him or her useful and necessary to every other in making the compound which we call the class of '93, and could understand why the war of cleverness versus stupidity, and of right versus wrong did wax so vehemently in the caldron. Van den Burg contributed humor, Miss Huizenga seriousness, Watermuelder eloquence, Miss Hospers faithfulness, Miss Jongewaard humility, Miss Noordhoff docility, Kots theological sedateness, Muilenburg chivalry, Miss Rhynsburger gentle refinement, Miss Vos socialbleness. Such a glorious class goes out into the world, each something for the improvement of every other and of the whole.

But is time the boundary of their destinies? No. Far beyond the grave—fifty, one hundred, one thousand years from now, I see them all once more, still reaping the fruits of what was sown here. Ever accomplishing something that is noble; ever doing something that is worthy and worthier of the predictions which the efforts of those earlier years made, when they were still the class of '93.

Valedictory.

BY MISS SARAH HOSPERS.

AN ARMY in marching for battle, always has some definite point in view which it desires to storm. Tho often hard and difficult be the path which leads

to victory, yet with courage and the hope of conquering, the gallant soldiers fight until their realized hopes have been attained. How pleasant then, when the victory has been won, to look back upon the trials which have been overcome.

Thus it is with a band of students entering upon their new career with duties assigned which may be very difficult, yet with true ambitions and the hope of becoming victorious, they march bravely on to climb the steep hill of knowledge. Happy are they when the goal has been reached; when their desires have to a certain extent been satisfied.

Thus to-night has the class of '93 been presented to you; a class of ambitious youth. Together we have tried to ascend that lofty hill of knowledge, and all with one aim in view have worked hopefully on, whatever difficulties might present themselves, knowing well that

"The things which cause no effort
These are not the things to prize,
And the soul knows not its power
Till it spreads its wings and tries."

Now that our course is finished, with pleasure do we look upon the days spent here, with joy do we think of our student surroundings, but to-night all this pleasure is mingled with sadness, as we think that now, as a class, we must bid these happy scenes adieu.

Dear Principal: Would that we could express our thanks due to you. We look upon you, who have led us through these years of struggle, as a truly able general, who is fighting for a good cause and understands well the position in which he is placed, thus leading his army on the path most certain to end in victory.

Altho your plans may not always have been comprehended by us, as that road is often rough, rugged and winding, and thus difficult to pass, yet we feel assured that they all were for our own benefit. Having thus been guided for several years, we feel that ties now bind us to you

which indeed will be hard to sever. - You have not only endeavored to instruct us in secular knowledge, but have given us such instruction as, we trust, will lead to the elevation of our moral character.

This institution, of which you are the head, is yet in its infancy and deprived of many advantages which might have proved of use to us, but ere long as the crowning point of your faithful labors, we hope to see this institution raised to a high standard of learning, possessing all the facilities which could be desired, and from which parents will be glad to see their children graduate. Wishing you all success in this your noble work, we bid you an affectionate farewell.

Respected Teachers: Indeed do we consider it a privilege that we had the advantage to avail ourselves of the results of your wisdom and learning. May the lessons you have taught us prove of help to us in the future, and happy recollections come to us as we recall the days spent in this hall under the guidance of faithful instructors. Yours has been a time of hard and patient toil, but we hope that you may soon see that it has not been in vain. For as the time of acquiring accomplishments has passed away and as a class we will no more have the pleasure of listening to your kind instruction, but where'er our future course may lead us, will our grateful thoughts be rendered to teachers who have lead us through these years of preparation. You, too, do we bid an affectionate farewell.

Citizens of Orange City: The importance of education is known to you. Washington in his last famous address told his people to promote as a matter of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, as it was essential that public opinion should be enlightened. Altho this was spoken more than a century ago and circumstances presented themselves quite different from what they are at present, yet the importance of education is none the less. The privilege

of having an institution in your midst, you know. Being still young, it may be moulded into any desired form, but much of its growth and progress will depend upon the social and moral influences exerted by the people of this town. Many are the requirements to provide for a good education, many of which are yet lacking in this institution, but prospects are bright, for ere long will be seen a new building on the campus, which will be an adornment to your town, and should be of interest to you. May it be willingly supported, and soon its influence will extend throughout the world.

Again a class is to leave these halls of learning, and the class of '93 bids you farewell, feeling grateful for the pleasant surroundings in which it has been our fortune to pursue our studies. Some of us will stay amidst these surroundings, but we will leave, perhaps seldom to behold them again. But,

A pen "Oft in their future course,
The other ties may bind them,
Will memory's gentle force,
Of all these scenes remind them."

Dear old hall: Having pursued our studies within these walls for four years, we feel that a certain attachment has been formed for thee which will long remain dear unto us. Altho there is nothing in thine appearance which may charm others, yet thy halls and classrooms all seem beautiful to us as thoughts of our student days arise. The greetings and farewells of future classes may not be spoken to thee, and we, being the last class to bid adieu, feel that we owe thee at least a hearty farewell, and find our sentiment well expressed in these lines:

"Old hall through which the whirling tide
Of earnest toil and wrestling pride,
Has rolled with many a billow shock,
As rivers lash the Sundered rock;
Your classic walls shall ring no more
With word or song of ours; 'tis o'er,
The changeful dreams, the mystic spell,
One thought is left; Weird Hall, farewell."

Schoolmate friends: So closely have

our duties connected our lives during our student career, that we truly feel interested in each other's welfare. Hitherto we have had many common aims and interests, but these are now, in part, severed. Your familiar faces we will miss, but often will we think of the happy days spent together at this Academy. Altho our work in the future may not stand in such close relations as it did in the past. Yet we assure you that you will ever find warm friends in the class of '93. A great work lies before you which is yet to be accomplished, and hoping that you may auspiciously reach the aim of your ambition, we bid you Godspeed.

And now dear classmates: A victory has been won, and as one often leads men to strive more bravely and earnestly for others, so may this inspire us with hope and courage to fight successfully the great battles of life which lie before us. A grand privilege, that of receiving instruction, has been ours, which, if we have used it to the best of our ability, will certainly prove to have been an aid in laying a stronger and better foundation upon which to build the superstructure of our future. Many have looked forward with longing to the day when our preparatory course should be finished. That day has come, but the joy is not so great as was anticipated, for tho it may be pleasant to have completed our academic course, yet to think that, as a class, we must now part, and that for many of us those past, happy days have been our last school days, will cause a feeling of regret. We feel loath to leave each other. Words cannot express our feelings to-night, and none but those who themselves have parted with classmates, can realize how much the last moments of our class life mean to us. During these years spent in attaining wisdom, strong ties have been formed which let us ever cherish, however far we may be separated. The great and unknown future

lies before us, let us not drift heedlessly along that great sea of life, but be steadily rowing, all with some high and noble aim in view, which will long preserve the memory of the class of '93.

And now my dear classmates: As we part, let us find consolation in the thought that our aims are not to prepare ourselves only for this world, but for that better world to come, where we may meet, never more to part. In view of building for that coming world, rowing to that nearing shore, living to that eternity where the pencil of memory traces life's actions in that august Book of Remembrances.

"O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such
That not an image of the past
Would fear that pencil's touch."

In this restful assurance we find comfort and take courage to bid each other a fond farewell.

Literary Department.

Something About Schools in China.

THE first schools established were, of course, the heathen schools, described in the following quotation from an article by Missionary Fulton of Canton. "Any old ramshackle of a building is thought to be suitable for a schoolroom. Ethical considerations are ignored. Each boy provides a rude table, and his own teapot, pen, paper and ink. The work of the schoolroom lasts from daylight until dark, with short time for meals and it is a hard and monotonous task for both pupil and teacher. School continues throughout the year every day, except a month, newyear's, and an occasional feastday. The country schools afford a living to thousands of candidates for literary honors, and the diligent instructor in Chinese classics (about the only thing taught) always finds his services in demand."

To give the youth of this great land something better than the lifeless, often

meaningless, lore of the old sages and more modern deceivers, namely that which is "able to make them wise unto salvation," and to fit them to impart this knowledge to others, is the object of our mission schools.

Trusting all readers of The Classic are interested in these "sister schools" in China, I venture to send a few of my observations in regard to them. Although in China boys are always considered first and foremost and only worthy of notice, I will speak of girls schools first for I hope none of us believe it is always best when in Rome to do as the Romans.

On the beautiful little inland of Kongsu each of the three Amoy Missions has a girls boarding school averaging an attendance of about fifty pupils, and at distances of some sixty miles northeast; southwest and west of Amoy, we have three schools more, the one belonging to our mission being here at Siokhe. Our number here is limited by the size of our building which with crowding can accommodate only twenty. But we have just received from the generous "Woman's Board," the money for a new building, so we hope next year at least to double the present number.

The branches taught our girls are the reading and writing of the Romanized colloquial and of the difficult Chinese character, arithmetic, geography, history, the rudiments of the more simple sciences and sewing, besides bible history and the catechism, in which last two branches, I think, our girls would compare very favorably with any boys or girls of their age in America. I can not take too much space now to describe the rooms and the manner of living of the pupils, but I should enjoy to take all the Academy girls to see their Chinese sisters busy as B's in their schoolroom and to show them the dormitories with the queer beds where a strip of matting answers for mattress and springs, and a bamboo frame is substituted for pillows; or to invite you to

try your skill with chop-sticks in the diningroom where dinner is considered ready when on the bare table is placed for each girl a bowl of rice with two chop-sticks at the side, and in the center of the table two or three bowls of a marvelous mixture of fish and fowl with salted vegetable or garlic, out of which each one fishes the bit that takes her fancy. The cooking is all done by the girls on queer brick fireplaces, they also do their own washing and have the care of all the rooms, for we do not want them, while getting book learning, to lose the opportunity of being trained to be good Chinese housekeepers.

The Women's schools are for the purpose of training Bible-women and giving an opportunity (to all women who have leisure to come) to get a knowledge of scripture truth. In these schools instruction is confined to bible study. For boys and young men we have first the "Sio-oh" or primary school, one at each of our stations, but boys are even more useful on a Chinese farm than on farms out West, so the total enrollment for our ten or twelve schools is but 140.

The little men are kept busy from early morning till sunset with learning the three "R's" besides Chinese characters. No one has yet invented a better method for studying the latter than the old one, of each pupil's repeating his lesson at the top of his voice until the sound is fixed in the memory, although the meaning of the character may be all Greek to them. You know, I think, that Chinese character is really a dead language and unless translated is unintelligible, but in spite of that, Chinese teachers insist that it is better to teach children the name of the character first and after they have been to school a while give them the translation. The "Sio-oh" is just opposite the girls' school here, and our young ladies, who have got so far that they can study character in a loud whisper, often smile

with me at the "awful noise of those boys."

The "Tiong-oh", or middle school, answers to our American grammar school or Academy; and the one for the use of our, and the Eng. Pres. boys, numbers thirty pupils this year. My article comes too late for a description of this school since you have so recently heard more than I can tell you about it from Mr. Pitcher, its former principal.

The Theological school, also belonging to the two missions, has at present sixteen students, with two missionaries and a native pastor for professors.

They have a fine new building on Kolongsu island, and they certainly deserve a comfortable place in which to prepare for work, for the native christian preachers of China are among its greatest blessings.

It is a real grief of the mission that our schools for young men number so few pupils. The work all around is ceaselessly calling for preachers and teachers, and the supply is so limited.

May the time soon come when multitudes of the youth of China shall consecrate their lives to preaching the gospel to their countrymen, and when hundreds more from Christian countries shall come to lead to the Light the millions still in darkness in this great land, great not alone as regards its size, but great in its history and as a power in the world.

And may the N. W. C. A. be a sharer in the glorious blessing that shall follow, by sending off its students to share in the glorious work.

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